**Tailings from a nickel mine-Short Story**

**By: Aleksa Brkic**

As Mother goose, Brother goose, Little goose, and the rest of their relatives were soaring in the skies above during their migration south from the Canadian North, little goose couldn’t help but notice all of the beautiful animals and landscapes on his first migrating experience.

Little goose was a curious goose, and was notorious for asking too many questions. This trip in particular, was the worst of all. Brother goose could not stand Little goose’s curious nature anymore and decided to teach him a lesson. He decided the next time Little goose would ask a question, he would put his plan into action.

“MOTHER! Look at that big horse!” cried Little goose.

“That’s not a horse, Little goose. It’s a moose,” explained Mother goose.

At this point, Brother goose decided to lure Little goose away from the flock. He pretended to see something he’d never seen before and called to Little goose to come take a look. Immediately, Little goose followed, excited to possibly see another new animal. As Brother goose and Little goose were flying, it became more cloudy and harder to see. Brother goose began to pick up the pace, knowing Little goose wouldn’t be able to keep up.

“Slow down, Brother goose!” exclaimed Little goose. Except, Brother goose flew on.

Eventually, Little goose couldn’t see Brother goose anymore, and he began to panic. No one was in sight. Little goose was beginning to grow tired from the flying and figured he would look for some water to refuel before searching for his family. As he flew lower to the ground, he saw a river of a beautiful orange colour. He wondered why the river had a different colour than the rivers he was used to seeing. He landed and leaned over to take a sip and instantly spat it back out. It was extremely sour and not refreshing as he had anticipated. Little did he know he was tasting sulfuric acid, which is leached when extracting nickel from nickel ores. His mouth was burning, and he did not know what to do.

“Here, take this. It will help,” instructed a raccoon. “It is limestone which will help neutralize the liquid in your mouth to stop the burning.” Little goose didn’t see where raccoon came from, but gladly accepted the limestone and began to feel much better. He thanked the raccoon for aiding him.

“How did you know this would help?” questioned Little goose.

“I was just like you once. I was curious to taste the orange river. Another creature saved me when I was in trouble. You should not linger here. This river will only cause trouble for you.” Before Little goose left, raccoon showed where he could find real water to drink.

After having his fill, Little goose said goodbye to his rescuer and soared high up in the skies again to look for his family. He promised himself that he would never be so curious in his life again. He flew as fast as he could to try and find his family and thankfully found his mother who was searching for him.

THE END.